

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

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New Editorial Features

MORE COLOUR PLATES

Hitherto we have published one colour plate with each number of the Magazine. These single colour plates, however, tend to lose their value among a mass of monochrome pictures; and in order to make more effective use of colour as an illustrative medium, as well as to increase the total amount of colour in the Magazine, we have decided to discontinue the single plates and to publish in future, at frequent intervals, colour sections consisting of four plates each. We hope that this innovation will commend itself to our readers.

The colour plates in the present number are reproduced from paintings by the Belgian artist, M. Alfred Jonniaux. An exhibition of his work at Rabat in Morocco last March was the subject of very favourable comment in the local newspapers, which remarked on his unusual success in rendering the true light and colour of the country.

A GEOGRAPHICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

Many people interested in geographical subjects have felt the lack of an up-to-date bibliography which would tell them, for example, what books have recently been published about a given country. The *Geographical Magazine* will in future include short bibliographical notes on recently published books relating to the less technical and more popular aspects of geography, designed to enable the reader to distinguish at a glance the most important characteristics of the books noticed. These notes will be republished at intervals in pamphlet form, and should constitute in course of time a useful guide to geographical literature.

Vikings of the South Seas

by HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK

The myriad reefs of Melanesia lie scattered for two thousand miles across the Southern Pacific; and among them sail, without chart or compass, the seamen whose methods of navigation are described in the following extract from Dr Bernatzik's book Südsee, which has just been published by Messrs Constable

ON the island of Mailu I hired one of the craft, built in accordance with age-long tradition, to sail along the coast of Papua as far as Port Moresby and land on the way wherever I had a fancy. I packed my precious apparatus in rubber bags and tied them along with the rest of my luggage to the mast. Before long a heavy southeaster was carrying us forward on the foaming sea. Like the claw of some giant lobster, the double-pointed mat sail rose into the sky. The two dug-outs, provided with wave-breakers, were bound together by a platform. But in spite of its apparent fragility, our boat attained the speed of a steamer and far surpassed many European motor boats in seaworthiness. One wave after another broke over us and the wind filled the sails so that the heavily weighted mast, cut from the trunk of a forest giant, groaned and creaked. But it held fast.

My captain was a true child of the island of Mailu. His splendid, evenly built form was a delight, and the smile that never left his lips was care-free and gay. He had the expression of a contented child, which one often finds among natives who have little contact with humanity. There were seven men on board and myself with my two boys, besides the skipper.

It was by no means easy to handle the vessel. When tacking the whole boat had to be turned round 180°, so that what had been the bow became the stern, and the big heavy rudder had to be brought over to the other side. When one saw the boys carrying the rudder with all their strength and at the same time balancing on the narrow plank, one could scarcely understand why none of them fell overboard. The steering alone demanded enormous

strength and acrobatic skill. The steersman stood with one foot on the canoe and the other on the unsteady rudder, while he had to hold it tight with the help of a pole. So day and night someone had to stand on the rudder. When the wind got up a bit, two more boys helped.

But the wind rose more and more; they had to reef—no easy matter in such a heavy sea. They lowered and tied up a part of the sail to reduce the wind-surface. Still the mast and tackle groaned and the captain watched them rather anxiously. Then he gave a short command to set the storm sail. They lowered again and only hoisted one point of the mat sail. The mainmast was not used at all.

Although several heavy breakers drenched us to the skin, everyone went on with his work calmly and keenly. When the two dug-outs began to fill with water, a couple of boys jumped nimbly into them and baled them out with a vessel made of folded bark. Two more sat in the bows to keep back the water with their bodies.

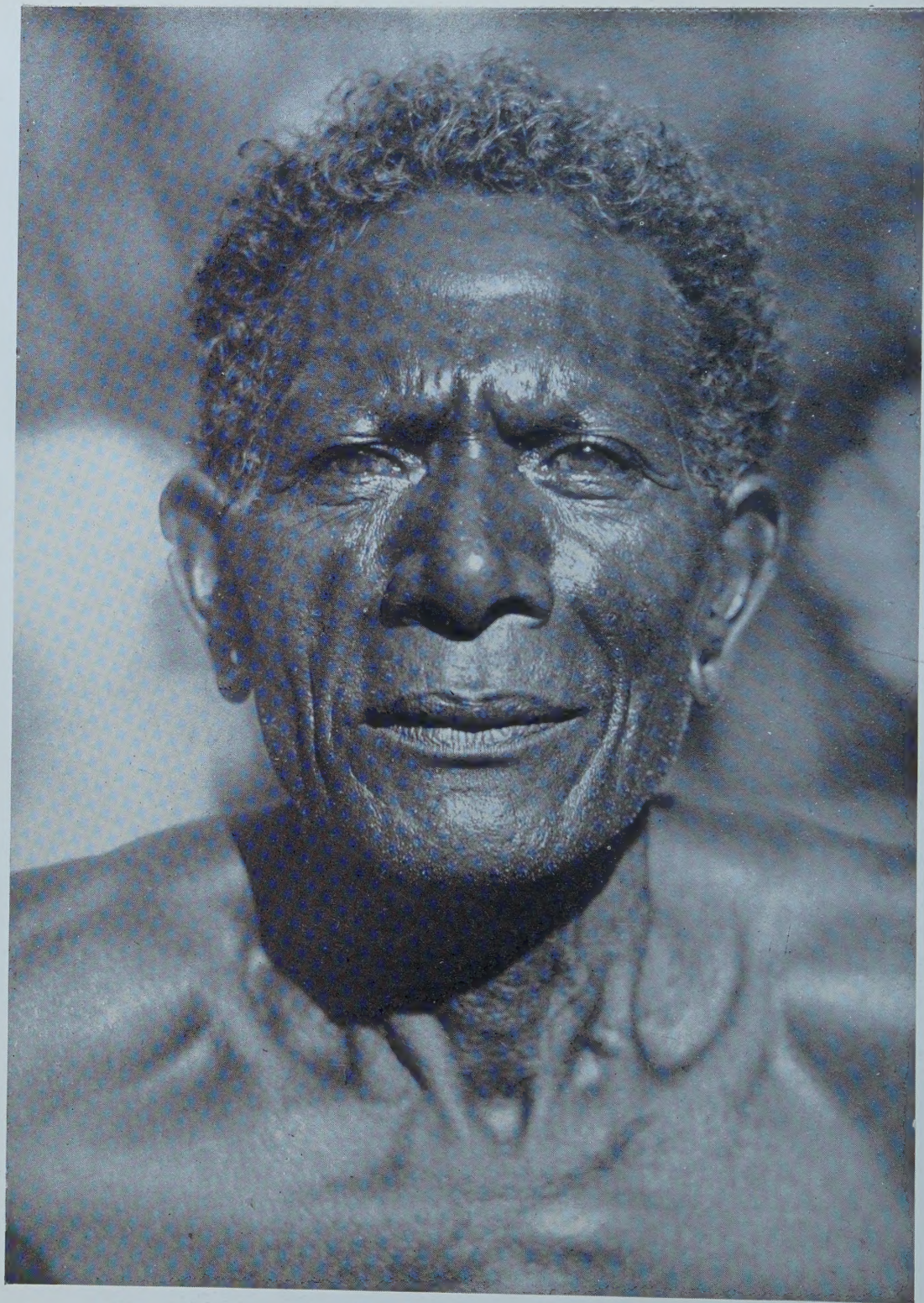
I am an old sailor and have tried my luck with the most varied craft in the world, but I had never crossed the sea with such simple and Nature-given means. Not the smallest object on board was of European invention. From the huge tree-trunks to the sails, sewn together out of numerous strips of palm-leaf matting, from the shrouds of flexible cane to the sheets of palm fibre, everything was manufactured by the natives themselves.

When I saw how this craft braved the violent, squally winds and the heavy sea, I began to understand how the forefathers of these able-bodied lads, those Vikings of



All photographs by Hugo A. Bernatzik

An orou, the double canoe which took the author 250 miles over open sea



The captain of the orou



On board the orou. Hauling in the mainsheet (above); as the natives are ignorant of the pulley this job demands extraordinary physical strength. Everyone on board has to take a hand in hoisting the mainsail (below)



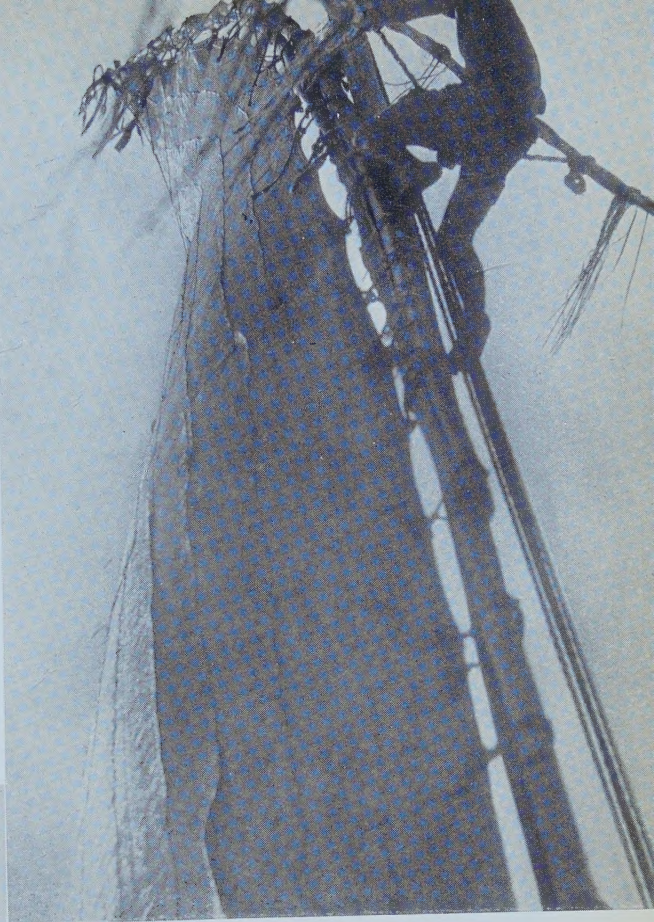


Lashing the rudder. The mainsail flaps in the wind and has to be held



Baling the dug-out during the voyage with a piece of folded bark

*The sail is made of strips of matting, and the shrouds
of twisted reed*



*The mast is bound on with strips of bamboo;
the halyards are made of palm-fibre*



Life on board the orou. While the author and one of the crew play with a pair of dwarf kangaroos, the steersman directs the ship's course. He stands on the rudder, which he moves by means of a pole lashed to the blade

the South Seas, could have colonized the islands of the Pacific with such boats.

With what circumspection did we scout every reef on the coast and slacken our speed at dangerous spots by easing the sheet! Extreme caution was necessary, for at such a speed to run on to anything would have inevitably shattered the huge wooden canoes. At times our course ran through such narrow gaps in the reefs that I only noticed them when we were already passing with deadly certainty through them. These men seemed to know every stone on the floor of the sea and to use to advantage every breath that stirred the water.

During a period of calm I entered into conversation with the captain, through the medium of one of my boys. "Yes, the people of Mailu certainly do know the sea and coasts very thoroughly. They have been compelled from ancient times to go in for sea trade. The island of Mailu is dry and stony and it is impossible to plant gardens. The mainland is far away. The five hundred inhabitants cannot live on fishing and the fruit of the few coconut palms alone." "And what do they trade in?" I asked the old man. Anything and everything, but especially in clay pots which the women of Mailu know how to make so artistically. But the stingy mainlanders only give a mere handful of yams for one pot. They also trade in home-made armlets, shells, pigs and dogs, in exchange for which they get provisions. And when there is no business to be done near at hand they have to extend their voyages. The men are often away for months on end. At the time of the south-east wind they go westward; at the time of the north-west wind, eastward. Thus even at the present day these bold seamen sail right round New Guinea.

Our departure from Mailu had been delayed by several hours, because at the last moment some repairs to the ship were necessary. So it was night when we

arrived. It was June 27th; we had had full moon on the 23rd and now the night lay pitch-black about us. But even in this darkness, without lamps and searchlights, the experienced sailors took their watch.

The sea rolled blue-black. From my place I could not so much as make out the steersman's face. The wind had only slackened a little and the foam crests of the choppy sea shone out in the darkness. I leaned over the side and saw how the canoes ploughed through the water and how their course glittered like liquid gold. Phosphorescence accompanied us.

The heavy, regular pitching of the boat rocked me half asleep, but nothing of what went on around escaped me. Like a gentle lullaby sounded the melodious singing of the crew, who in this way kept themselves awake. Ancient shanties rang out in the night, while black eyes tried to pierce the darkness.

These sailors of the South Seas, unlike us civilized men, have not lost that mysterious natural sense of direction which enables the pigeon to find its way and the bee to find its hive. These men are able, without compass and map, without light-houses and buoys, without even seeing the coast, I might almost say without the help of their eyes, to find their way through the dangerous reefs.

Very rarely did the captain, in a strange tuneful tongue, give an order. Strange and tuneful and full of peace was everything about me as we glided through the water. Could it be that this blue-black, glistening sea even now was being crossed by modern ocean liners, whose engines steam and whose passengers amuse themselves in the harsh glare of electric lights? The fact seemed a figment of the imagination; the dream was the reality. To me it was as though nothing existed but these dug-outs with their mat sail, sewn out of palm bases and rising to the sky like an enormous lobster claw. The present had receded far away from me.

The New York Parkway System

by JOHN HENSHAW CRIDER

The Restriction of Ribbon Development Act of 1935 is, as its name implies, a negative and restrictive measure, and the view is held in some quarters that it will prove, in the long run, a dead letter. What can be done, by means of positive and constructive planning, to anticipate undesirable development along the highways of a thickly populated area, is shown by the following American example

It was natural enough that the greatest American contribution toward highway improvement of the century should have been made by Westchester County, the northerly suburb of New York. Through this high-class residential area, with its beautifully landscaped estates and its acres of rolling countryside, passed at least one-third of the automobiles entering and leaving the greatest American city. To avoid traffic jams, and at the same time to keep as many as possible of the cars off the streets on which people made their homes, a new highway system had to be devised. The greatest number of cars must pass through this suburb in the least possible time, yet safety for pedestrians had to be maintained.

It so happened that a stream called the Bronx River passed through the Westchester suburb into the City of New York, and along its banks as it approached the city were some cheap, unsightly residential areas which were confined to the immediate vicinity of this neglected waterway. There were a few factories too, and some dumps. It was not very lovely to look at. Thus, when engineers gave attention to the highway problem about fifteen years ago, they said, "Let us build our first highway along the banks of this unsightly stream, and make it beautiful as we go!"

The taxpayers, who were to pay the bills for the contemplated improvement, thought well of the idea. The engineers, with steam-shovels, great fleets of trucks and hundreds of workers, started the kind



Stanford, London



All photographs by courtesy of the Westchester County Park Commission

One of the newer parkways running northwards out of New York City. Flowering shrubs and a wide belt of trees combine to form a pleasing landscape along the well-graded concrete highroad



Before and after. An ugly swamp in Wakefield, part of the City of New York, reclaimed by the parkway scheme, increasing the property values as well as the beauty of the neighbourhood





Similarly, a dirty stream called the Bronx River at Mount Vernon, running between railway lines and a row of unsightly houses, became part of a charming park traversed by highways and footpaths





The dangers of intersecting highways are avoided by bridging one road over the other. One-way drives lead to the cross-road



A lake and meadow created by the New York park authorities alongside the Bronx River Parkway at Scarsdale



To avoid blocking traffic, filling-stations are set in recesses off the roadway. The Kitchawan station on the Bronx Parkway Extension

of operation on the Bronx River for which milady goes to a beauty shop. The process of beautification was directed by landscape architects as the work progressed. The operation proved a phenomenal success. Not only did the citizens have a new type of speedy highway which was pleasant to drive upon and lovely to look at, but by spending the money on reclaiming the formerly ugly parts of their landscape, they considerably increased the value of their own real estate. By increasing the value of their property they created additional real-estate taxes, thus helping to pay for the new improvement through the creation of taxable values.

So impressed were the citizens that they asked for more parkways (the name given to the new type of highway with land-

scaped borders). Up to the present time, the County of Westchester, in co-operation with the City and State of New York, has spent more than \$100,000,000 on parkways and adjacent park developments. This amount was spent in Westchester alone, but the State of New York, following the example of its County of Westchester, spent many more millions for similar parkways on Long Island, which is the easterly suburb of New York City.

Inquiries have come to the Westchester County Park Commission (originator of the first New York parkways) from all over the world. Delegations from Great Britain and other nations have inspected the parkways because of their pioneer ideas. There were several features which distinguished the first New York parkways

from any road built before their time. All level cross-roads were eliminated. Either the parkways were bridged over intersecting roads, or the cross-roads were bridged over the parkways. The bridges were not purely utilitarian, but were of distinctive architectural charm. Broad areas of land were acquired on each side of the roadways, and these adjacent lands were attractively landscaped in keeping with the atmosphere of the neighbouring countryside.

As the parkways developed it was thought advisable to link them to a series of great public parks. Thus, public bathing-beaches and amusement parks were created by the county government on the shores of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. Outdoor swimming-pools were built in the inland cities. Four public golf courses also were created. The revenues obtained from the admission charged at these parks helped pay the expense of maintaining them.

In the borderlands of the parkways are hundreds of miles of bridle-paths and footpaths. Both horseback rider and pedestrian are accommodated. Neither pedestrians nor horses are allowed on the parkways, where the cars are permitted a speed of 35 miles per hour. An adequate police force, mounted on motor cycles, sees that the limit is not exceeded.

To appreciate fully the convenience of the parkways from the motorist's point of view, one must consider what they offer as compared with previous highway accommodations. As an example, let us consider the 45 miles between New York and Peekskill. Before the parkways were built, the main road between these

points was the Albany Post Road, running along the east bank of the Hudson River.

This highway passed through one city of over 100,000 population and seven villages varying in population from 2500 to 20,000. It formed one of the main thoroughfares of each of these communities. There was no going around them. Motorists must pass directly through them. Traffic lights halted cars at intersections. Pedestrians had to be watched. It might take as long as three hours to make the 45 miles to Peekskill owing to frequent traffic jams.

Two of the new parkways paralleled the old Post Road a few miles east of the Hudson River. They passed around the congested areas, not through them. Because there is no traffic obstruction, no stopping for intersections and no pedestrians to be watched, the same trip may be negotiated in about one and a half hours, saving as much as 50 per cent in time. To the American business man, with his hurried pace, time means money. Regardless of the material considerations, no driver countenances long delays in traffic without at least a grimace. Another factor making for ease of parkway motoring is the ban against trucks. No commercial motor cars or trucks are allowed on the parkways. These creeping monsters of the road do not block one's progress.

The New York parkway idea has recently been copied by the United States Government in building a highway from the nation's capital at Washington to Mount Vernon, Virginia, the home of George Washington, first President of the United States.



Humphrey Spender for the Daily M

The Khalifa's guard outside the mosque at Tetuan, during the Friday prayers



Retainers of the Kaid assembled for the 'powder-play' before the ramparts of Taroudant





The Kasba of Goundafa in the High Atlas

Pierre Boucher



Pierre Boucher

A mosque in the Atlas



Dull red, of concrete mixed from the local earth, are the walls of Kasha Tabount, near Warzazat





In the market at Tangier

The French Protectorate in Morocco

by CAPTAIN F. H. MELLOR

It has been said of Marshal Lyautey that he was 'a royalist who gave an empire to the Republic', and when, at the end of October 1935, British warships saluted the French vessel carrying his remains to the tomb awaiting them at Rabat, they paid homage to the maker of modern Morocco. The author of Quest Romantic, a soldier of varied experience both in Africa and in the East, who has traversed Morocco from end to end, describes the land, the people and the French achievement

IN order to understand the present situation in Morocco, some knowledge of the history of this western outpost of Islam is necessary. The greater part of Morocco has been inhabited since the earliest times of which we have any record by the Berbers, a people whose origin is still the subject of dispute. The Moslem kingdom was founded by Mulai Idriss, a descendant of the Prophet through Hassan and Fatima, in the year A.D. 788. Previously, it is true, Moslem expeditions from Kairouan in Tunisia had entered this land of the Berbers, but they subsequently retired without exercising much influence over the inhabitants.

From A.D. 788 onwards Sultans of various Shereefian dynasties ruled the country. Sometimes their sway scarcely extended beyond the capital cities of Fez and Marrakesh; at other times such great monarchs as Yakub El Mansur, Mulai Ismail, and, in more recent times, Mulai Hassan, made themselves feared and obeyed throughout the land by means of constant expeditions. (The Arabic word is *harka*, literally 'burning', and this explains everything.) They possessed spiritual as well as temporal powers, since they failed to acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey's claims to the Caliphate and were themselves acknowledged by their subjects as Caliphs of Western Islam.

Until the end of the last century Morocco, although only separated from Europe by the narrow straits of Gibraltar, was practi-

cally unknown. There was good reason for this; the Moslem inhabitants being so fanatical that, except for those Europeans unfortunate enough to be captured and sold into slavery by the Salé rovers, only the Diplomatic Missions of the Powers and a few resolute travellers ever entered the interior of the country.

On the death of the great Sultan Mulai Hassan in 1894, however, the situation changed, as the European nations were anxious to acquire colonies where they could dispose of their surplus population, and Morocco seemed admirably suited for the purpose. Thus England, France and Germany all endeavoured to increase their



influence at the Moorish Court, but France, already firmly established in Algeria and Tunisia, was in by far the most favourable position to take advantage of any weakness in the Shereefian Empire.

Opportunity was not long in coming. Mulai Abdul Aziz, the younger son and successor of Mulai Hassan, was left without a guide on the death of his faithful and talented Grand Vizier, Ba Ahmed, and found himself quite unable to control his turbulent subjects. Kind and well-intentioned, but weak and easily influenced, he devoted himself to the toys of Europe in such a way as to arouse the fury of all good Moslems. Even his *baraka*, that spiritual unction from on high which sanctifies every action of the Commander of the Faithful, was not proof against the camera, the

bicycle, the firework and all those other products of the devil with which he loved to play.

It was too much for the Moors. The tribes rose in open insurrection, Europeans were murdered at Casablanca, and, after the guns of the French warships had reduced the place to a heap of smouldering ruins, an expeditionary force landed without the slightest intention of ever leaving again.

Finally, in 1907 Mulai Hafid, the brother of Abdul Aziz, put himself at the head of the revolt, and, after a somewhat comic-opera struggle, succeeded in establishing himself as Sultan. Once at the head of the Government he found opportunity to exercise cruelty so extreme as to excite the hatred of his subjects and, in 1912, was compelled to call on the French for help. This was the long-sought opportunity to occupy the interior. A column was dispatched from the coast to Fez and a Protectorate was proclaimed, but soon afterwards the Sultan's guard mutinied and massacred French officers and civilians. The tribes of course had risen, so that the situation at first appeared desperate, but General Lyautey arrived to take up office as first Resident-General, the Foreign Legion supported by field guns drove back the tribesmen from the very gates of the rich city, and Mulai Hafid, after a shameless exhibition of bargaining, was persuaded to abdicate.

When the Protectorate was proclaimed the population of Morocco largely consisted of Berbers. The people of the hills spoke the Berber language—Schleuh ('the beautiful')—while the people of the plains conversed for the most part in Arabic. There were also a certain number of Arabs and Jews. The Berbers of the High and Middle Atlas had always been men of war, and if it had not been for the fidelity of Madani Glaoui, then head of the great Glaoua clan, who kept open the mountain passes, the French might have found themselves unable to master this hostile country.



Topical Press Agency

Louis Gonzale Hubert Lyautey, to whom France owes most of her power in Morocco, was born in 1854 and died in 1934



F. H. Mellor

All Morocco is nominally under the sway of the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed, seen (above) with his Grand Vizier, the Pasha of Marrakesh and the French Commander at Marrakesh. The Sultan's khalifa or viceroy at Tetuan (below) is on his way to the Friday prayers

F. H. Mellor





Mellor

F. H. Mellor



Every Friday when the Sultan goes to the mosque he is heralded by the band of his negro bodyguard—a corps which has always been a power in Morocco and which has made and unmade sultans

Best known of all the outward signs of French rule in Morocco is the Foreign Legion, now some 20,000 strong. Two corporals, both Germans, by the great arch at Salé, where Lyautey established a rest-camp for the Legion

But, as it turned out, the resolute behaviour of General Lyautey, coupled with the influence of this Atlas lord, quickly won the day. Marrakesh, the capital of the south, was occupied by a flying column, El Hiba's veiled camelry fled back into the Sus, and the great French administrator began to build towns, roads and railways with a speed and sureness of instinct that stamped him as a genius.

August 1914 saw Lyautey firmly in the saddle, and all through the war he hung on to what he had gained, only to be faced by the most dangerous rebellion of all when, in 1925, the Riffians under Abd El Krim came down from the Spanish zone, threatening Taza and Fez. Fortunately the insurgents were driven back, and Abd El Krim was captured in 1926 during the course of combined Franco-Spanish operations and exiled to Madagascar. On 6th October 1925 Lyautey resigned, but his policy was continued by his successor, and since the close of the Riffian rebellion there has been no further serious challenge to the French rule.

It is of interest for us with our large colonial empire to study the methods used by the French in their great work of pacification. The country naturally falls into two main geographical divisions: the western territory, which consists principally of rich undulating plains, and the eastern and southern territories, with their mountains and deserts; the two divisions being separated from one another by the almost impenetrable barrier of the Middle Atlas and, to the south, the High Atlas Mountains.

The western division, or, as Lyautey called it, 'Maroc Utile', was quickly pacified, and from the progress made the traveller would almost imagine that the French have been in occupation for a hundred rather than twenty-three years. In the eastern division ('Maroc Inutile'), however, progress against the warlike tribes has, of necessity, been far slower, and the extension of the Sultan's authority

has only taken place through a series of brilliant campaigns. Without publicity, quietly and efficiently, the Foreign Legion has engaged in unending battle.

Wherever the army went pacification ensued, for first-class motor roads were built and the establishment of markets in territories formerly hostile quickly charmed the childlike mountain warriors. Moreover, Lyautey used brilliant and subtle methods, for all his conquests were made in the name of the Maghzen (the Shereefian Government) and all his actions tended to increase the prestige of the Sultan. He revived the Friday prayer with all its splendour and supported the authority of the local Kaids in a manner reminiscent of the Sandeman system on the North-West Frontier and Lord Lugard's methods in Northern Nigeria; in fact he realized that by far the best method of administering the country was to utilize the existing machinery of government.

A few months before his death in 1934 Lyautey's work was completed by the occupation of Mauretania during the last of a long series of annual campaigns. The road to success was a thorny one, but the French, having built up a first-class field army, were certain of ultimate victory. All the campaigns showed careful preparation. First of all the ground was prepared by officers belonging to the 'Bureau des Affaires Indigènes', whose efforts frequently averted operations, and always rendered them less formidable than they would otherwise have been. Then the army was launched, a cloud of 'Partisans' and 'Goumiers' (irregular Moorish cavalry and infantry) preceding the advance of the Foreign Legion. This corps of foreigners, famous for its fighting qualities, has always borne the brunt, and may be said to have conquered and kept an empire for the Republic. Their achievements may be considered unique, since one day they operated in the stifling desert heat and the next amidst the Atlas snows.



Sheshaven, built by Moors exiled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella after the capture of Granada in 1492



F. H. Mellor

Reminiscent of those at Granada, the roofs of Sheshawen, unlike any others in Morocco, are red-tiled and sloping. Some of the inhabitants still possess the keys of their ancestors' houses in Granada

Today the Sultan still rules; but everyone knows, and, indeed, he must know himself, that he is merely a picturesque figurehead surrounded by splendour on ceremonial occasions. But the feudal lords of the Atlas, the Glaoui, the Goundafi and the M'Tougi, who even before the coming of the French were really more powerful than the Commander of the Faithful, retain a measure of their independence and influence. This particularly applies to El Thami Glaoui, the brother and successor of Madani, who, in addition to being Overlord of Telouet and Warzazat and head of the great Glaoua clan, is Pasha of Marrakesh, the southern capital. Men say that he can put thousands of men into the field at a moment's notice, and his command of the main Atlas Pass has rendered his loyalty of inestimable value to the French.

The Moors, in spite of the practical benefits they have received, regard their European rulers without affection, and there can be no question, I think, that people prefer to be oppressed by their own nationals rather than guided and guarded by foreigners. There is also a feeling abroad that France, having sunk a tremendous amount of money in Morocco, is now endeavouring to obtain a return, and if this is so it is bound to lead to disaster, since, in these days of economic depression, the people are desperately poor.

Then, again, according to British ideas, the French are inclined either to behave with too much severity or else to treat the people with excessive familiarity. They seem to have no colour prejudice of any sort and coal-black negro soldiers may be seen marching in the ranks with the white colonists, while the French children play



H. Mellor

The design of minarets varies throughout the Moslem world. In Morocco and Moorish Spain they are usually square; one of those at Sheshawen, departing from tradition, is octagonal in shape

F. H. M.



The mihrab (the niche indicating the direction of Mecca) of the Tinmil mosque on the Goundafi Pass in the High Atlas—an example of true Moroccan art of the 12th century



F. H. Mellor

Washing before entering the mosque of the Medersa Bouananiya at Fez. A medersa is a Moslem theological college, which Christians are now permitted to visit, though still excluded from the mosques

with dirty young Berbers and get a good deal the worse for wear in the process. Also, the officers, though nearly always in uniform and by no means unaware of their own importance, permit an amazing amount of familiarity from bootblacks, newspaper sellers and other street-vendors, who abound in every city of Morocco. Surely the display of a little more dignity would appeal to the most dignified race on earth.

However, in spite of this criticism, a criticism which comparison with our own methods in the Emirates of Northern Nigeria compels me to make, it cannot be denied that the Sultan's law now runs to the uttermost ends of his dominions, and that murder, torture and the more terrible abuses prevalent under the old régime are now things of the past. On the whole, the French have done very well, and curiously enough this is recognized to a greater extent by the fiercest of their former foes, the mountain Berbers, than it is by the occupants of the towns. This may be partly due to the fact that the Berbers are sportsmen enough to bear no malice against those who have defeated them in battle and partly because they are intensely interested in all kinds of machinery.

There are a large number of French colonists in Morocco, and they have had no difficulty in adapting themselves to a climate which is after all not very different from that of the Riviera; also, being accomplished agriculturists, they have taken advantage of the natural suitability of the country for the cultivation of vines and olives and have overcome all difficulties with admirable fortitude.

Many travellers in Morocco must be struck by the great variety of architectural style to be seen in the different districts. The houses in Sheshawen, for instance, a town in the Spanish zone built by those Moors expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, boast red-tiled sloping roofs. This is unique in North Africa, and the buildings are in fact modelled on those

ancestral homes in Granada to which the descendants of the original owners still possess the keys and title deeds. In other towns the roofs are flat after the usual Eastern style, while in the country beehive dwellings of the most primitive description are used.

On the eastern side of the Atlas, the architecture is again different and the buildings are notable for elaboration of design and the fact that they are usually built with towers at each corner. Boulders from the river-beds form the foundation, and red earth and lime are utilized in the construction of small dwellings just as they are in the fantastic castles of the great Kaidas along the River Draa. These enormous structures, known as *kasbas*, are remarkable as regards their strength; the entrances are winding and narrow, suitability for defence having obviously been the main purpose in the minds of the designers. They resemble somewhat the castles of the Crusaders. It is quite impossible to find out their age, and though no doubt frequently reconstructed they must be of very ancient origin.

The cities, naturally, also differ from each other in their general style. Fez, the capital of the north, is entirely Moorish and has retained to this day a distinct and most pleasant flavour of the Arabian Nights. Marrakesh, the capital of the south, seems rightly to belong to the Sahara rather than to Morocco, while Tiznit, the frontier city of the Sus, is unmistakably African. It is interesting to compare the minarets of the mosques in Fez and Tiznit, since the one is adorned with slender, richly decorated towers, while the other is dominated by square, strong buildings, rather like mud pies, which resemble those in Birnin Kano, the Nigerian home of the Hausas, in a most marked degree. Both in the north and in the south the cities are surrounded by walls of varying strength and colour, the best preserved and most elaborate fortifications being those at Fez and Taroudant.

Morocco is a land which changes quickly;



Kaid Larbi el-Azzoui, a tribal chieftain of the Sus, with his retainers

F. H. Mellor



F. H. Mellor and Humphrey Spender for the 'Daily Mirror'
The sacred town of Mulai Idriss has only recently been opened to Christians, who even now may not spend the night there. In it lies buried Mulai Idriss, descendant of Mohammed through his daughter Fatima, who converted Morocco to Islam and was poisoned by Harun al-Rashid





Bentley Beetham

The great range of the Moroccan Atlas is penetrated from the north by passes like that of Goundafi (above) and from the south by valleys leading to the basin of the River Draa, especially towards Warzazat (below); beyond stretch the plateaux of the Sahara

Mellor





F. H. M.

The kasbas were the feudal strongholds of old Morocco; only one European had reached that of Warzazat (above) prior to 1928, when it was occupied by the French. But already their constructive energy has developed Casablanca (below) into one of the busiest ports of Northern Africa

F. H. Mellor





A stop for petrol in the High Atlas. From left to right: the driver, a Berber gentleman, a sergeant in the French Air Force, the author and a private of the Foreign Legion

F. H. Mellor

so quickly, indeed, that it is almost impossible to keep pace with the alterations. Almost anyone can go there now and visit places that a few years ago, given the unlikely contingency of one being able to reach them at all, were exceedingly dangerous. Even today the country beyond the Atlas is under military control and certain parts are not entirely safe yet; but this need cause no alarm, for unless the traveller is asked to sign a paper agreeing to journey at his own risk and peril, he may be certain of enjoying far greater security than he would in Piccadilly. There is comfort to be had, too, at any rate in 'Maroc Utile', for the hotels are excellent and the railway and bus services surprisingly good.

Unfortunately, as is always the way in life, the more difficult and arduous expeditions are decidedly the most interesting.

A few years ago on the Tiznit road one's sufferings were rewarded by a glimpse of rifle-barrels belonging to the local levies who kept the way free from raiders, and at the journey's end one entered a town where sentries watched from the towers and a picket of infantry guarded each great gate. In those days the journey to Tiznit had a certain magnificence, but, now that the country is occupied far beyond that point, this outpost of the Sultan Mulai Hassan no longer gives one the delightful feeling of being in danger, and has lost its supreme fascination as an example of the old Morocco.

It is not only the situation that has altered; the people themselves have changed, though of this they may not be aware. They go to European doctors and dentists with a greater faith than they ever dis-



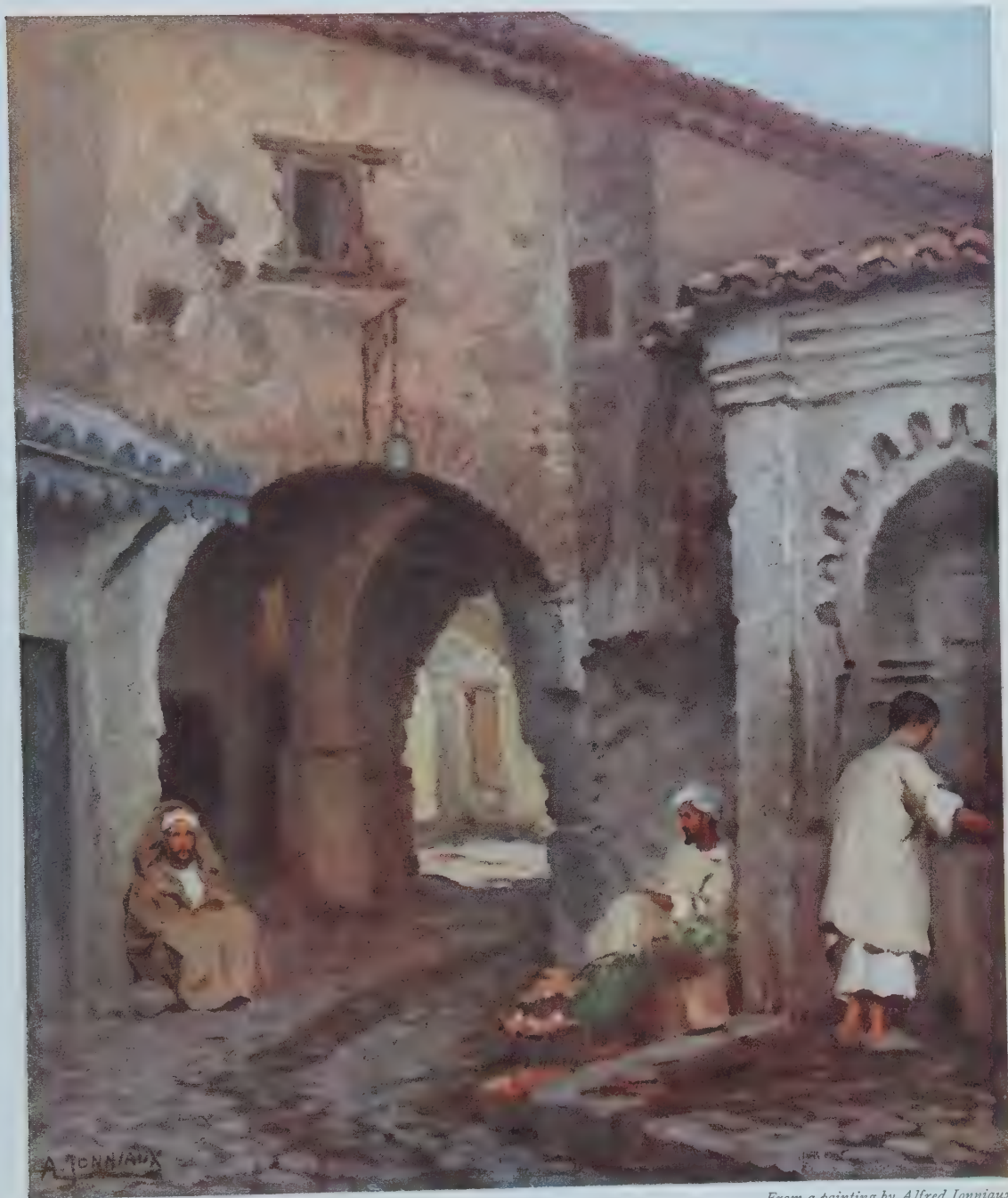
From a painting by Alfred Jonniaux

Fez : morning smoke within the city walls



From a painting by Alfred Jenniaux

A Moor of Sheshawen



From a painting by Alfred Jonniaux

Afternoon in Sheshawen



From a painting by Alfred Jonniaux

Sheshawen : the hour of prayer

played towards their own incompetent practitioners; they ride in railway trains (gravely seated on the floor), motor-cars and motor-buses, though some of the latter are decorated with a hand to avert the evil eye as a concession to the superstitions of the passengers. No longer are they credulous enough to believe that their religious leaders can cast a spell over the white man's guns, a belief that in the past has had a great deal to do with the death-rate in Africa.

Today, so greatly has the attitude of the people changed that Christians can loiter outside the tomb of Mulai Idriss (II) in Fez and visit in safety that fanatical stronghold of Islam at Zerhoun where his father, the founder of the Moslem kingdom, lies buried. Even the camera causes no greater commotion than a few signs against

the evil eye, and in Tetuan, where the people are compelled to show a photograph on their identity cards, there is competition to obtain a place in the infidel's picture. The *jellaba* in which the Moroccan drapes himself is closed today by a zip-fastener; at Salé the gramophone loud-speaker blares out, "Come and kiss me, girly," while the wretched story-teller who a year ago was the centre of attraction tries in vain to make his voice ring out above the roar so that a few diehards may hear him.

Telephone wires skirt the narrowest Moorish lane; the art that constructed the Kutubia (the great minaret) at Marrakesh and the *medersas* (colleges) at Fez is a lost one, and almost everything that is beautiful was created by those who are long since dead. The Sultan, Commander of



F. H. Mellor

Tiznit, a palm-shaded outpost in the desert, was built only at the end of the last century by Mulai Hassan to keep in check the lawless tribesmen of the Sus



F. H. Mellor

Backed by the Kutubia, a minaret erected in 1184 to the same design as the Giralda at Seville, the Jama el-F'na is the centre of life at Marrakesh. Here snake-charmers, dancers, story-tellers and vendors of every kind of ware assemble when the day cools

F. H. Mellor





F. H. Mellor

At evening, too, beneath the walls of Taroudant, an audience gathers round the Schleuh dancers in their flowing white robes. These Berber dancers from the hills are a common sight in Moroccan towns. They are usually all male; the dances consist mainly of hand-clapping and swaying

F. H. Mellor



the Faithful, but rarely graces his Moslem capitals, and dwells in a vast hideous palace in Rabat, the French administrative capital, near the dwelling of the Resident-General. Casablanca, the seaport, a great industrial town, lies like a scar on the face of the country. It is true that the mosques are still closed to the unbeliever, but the *medersas*—sacred ground, though not so sacred as the mosques—have opened wide their gates and the *horm* or sacred enclosure at Fez no longer provides sanctuary for the evil-doer.

It is too early to see what will emerge from this extraordinary hotch-potch. Worn out, the decadent Shereefian Empire toppled to its fall, making way for the efficient alien invader. Who can say what line any manifestation of national spirit will take in the future?

Perhaps the reader will ask whether this changing land has preserved any of its old charm; and the answer is that the magic

F. H. Mellor



F. H. Mellor

The young Schleuh dancer's equipment—a guitar for music and a capacious wallet for the collection



The persistent snake-charmers of Morocco all come from one rather hysterical tribe, the Ben Aissaoua

of Morocco still prevails. Almost everywhere there are beautiful things to be seen and interesting customs to be observed, while the crossing of the Glaoui Pass in rain and mist will provide a thrill for the most *blasé* of sensation-seekers. Sometimes, too, one may see the Berber warriors gallop past firing their guns in the 'Fantasia' (powder-play) or watch the Sultan proceed in state to the Friday prayer. These are the great moments of Moslem life, and it is worth while travelling hundreds of miles to experience them, since they take one back as nothing else can to the days of Morocco's greatness.

But perhaps the best way for me to convey some impression of the romance that still lingers in this land of contrasts is to describe a journey I recently undertook over the High Atlas from Marrakesh to Warzazat, a distance of a hundred odd miles. Along with a curious assortment of travelling companions—a wealthy young Berber, a sergeant in the French Air Force and a German Légionnaire—I set off at the alarming hour of 4.30 a.m. in an antiquated and much overloaded motor-bus. Soon we were all on excellent terms with each other, and I became the centre of interest when, during a few minutes' halt, a snake catcher, either through accident or spite, dropped a snake into my lap while I sat, so wedged in as to be unable to move, in the front of the bus. The snake was, it is true, quickly fielded by its owner, but, as may well be imagined, there was something of a sensation and the driver made the bus simply leap forward. But the country through which we passed was so interesting that this unrehearsed incident was quickly forgotten. Streams rippled through smiling valleys and wild flowers of every colour and description grew in extraordinary profusion, while the great peaks of the Atlas, in spite of the fact that it was the beginning of May, were still covered with snow. Once the mountains were crossed, however, the country changed completely and became

typical desert of the Sahara, only changing when we reached the oasis on the bank of the River Draa, where Warzazat is situated.

I was fortunate enough to have a friend in Warzazat—a German Légionnaire—and he accompanied me to the walled town where the Kaid El Hamadi el Glaoui rules as Lord Warden of the Marches for his brother El Thami Glaoui, the head of the Glaoua clan. It was delightful to ascend the watch-tower of this chieftain's *kasba* and look out over the dwellings of his retainers, which seemed almost as strong as his own, to the *kasbas* on the far side of the River Draa; remarkable to meet this great feudal lord himself and to note that he received my friend the Légionnaire with as much courtesy as if he had been receiving a prince; exceedingly pleasant to drink the three cups of mint tea, always offered to guests in this hospitable country, before leaving the *kasba* to explore the dwellings of the smaller Kaid, all of whom owed allegiance to El Hamadi.

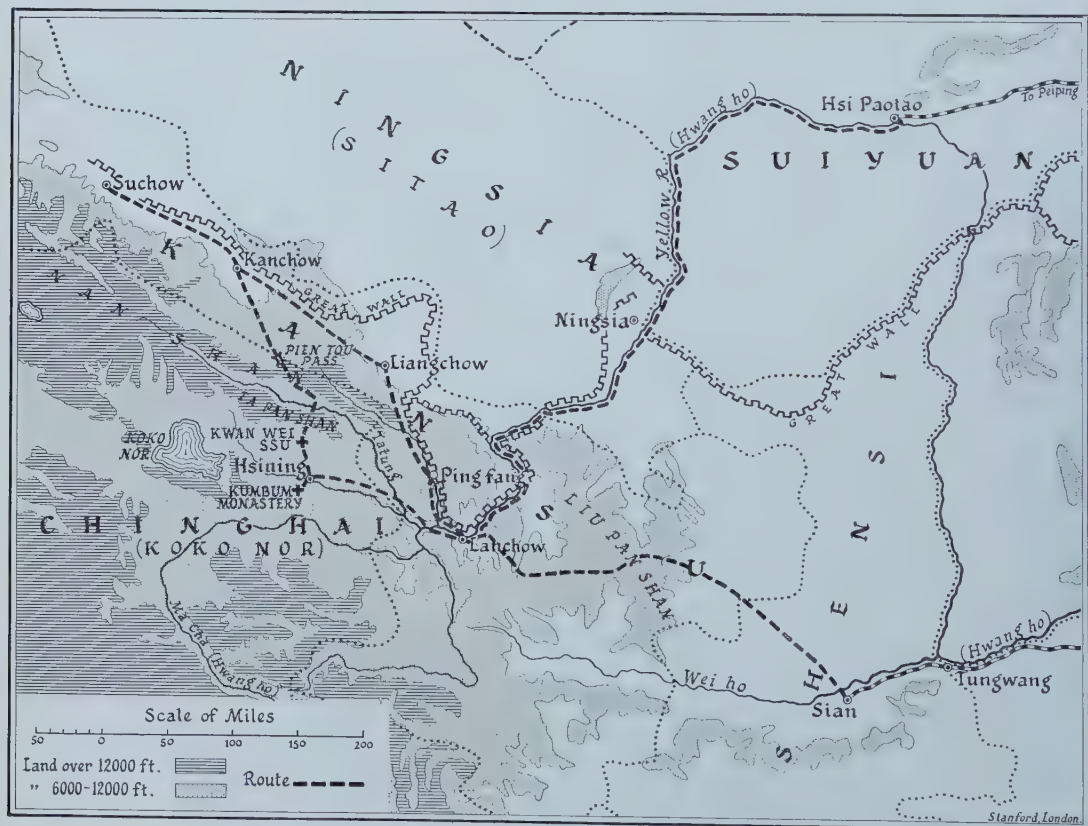
It is on expeditions like these that one gets glimpses of the old Morocco and also learns to appreciate the good qualities of the inhabitants. The Moors do not perhaps at first appeal very much to the foreigner, but they have many excellent qualities, are the most charming of hosts and never forget a kindness. I should like to quote, as an example, the case of a Moor who, hearing that an Englishman from whom he had received kindness was ill, travelled hundreds of miles to bring him water from a sacred spring. Those who know Morocco are devoted to the Moors; it is only those who do not understand them who dislike them.

Intelligent Moors realize that foreign intervention, though a terrible blow to their national pride and religious prejudices, was inevitable, and one of them expressed the feelings of the people when he said to me: "If only Marshal Lyautey had ruled as a Moslem Sultan of Morocco, how happy we should have been."

Into China's North-West. II.

by L. E. TIPTON

Continuing their journey, the first part of which was depicted in our November issue, the trade caravan, on leaving the monastery of Kumbum, had the most difficult stages ahead of them. The worst was the six-day journey from Kanchow to Suchow on the borders of Sinkiang, over stretches of desert with hard, low-growing scrub. Liangchow they found to be a progressive trade-centre. Returning through Lanchow they made the remainder of the journey to Hsi Paotao by raft down the Yellow River. Passenger-rafts are made from inflated sheep-skins lashed together, with a light wooden framework on top. As many as 200 skins are sometimes used for one raft. Though the boatmen are skilful and courageous, many rafts are dashed to pieces and lives lost every year



From the monastery of Kumbum the caravan took the road to Kanchow over the formidable Ta Pan Shan range, 13,000 feet high. In winter snowdrifts make this road impassable



All photographs by L. E. Tipton



Before crossing the range the caravan stopped at the little-known monastery of Kwan Wei Ssu, a group of buildings and temples lying among rich pasture-lands surrounded by pine-covered hills



The lamasery of Kwan Wei Ssu is one of the most beautiful in the newly formed province of Chinghai and, though built on a smaller scale, is comparable with that of Kumbum



Acolytes at Kwan Wei Ssu spend much of their spare time practising the rhythms of the 'devil-dance' in one of the courtyards of the monastery

The hutukhtu or 'living Buddha' of Kwan Wei Ssu (left), whose spirit at death is believed to pass into the body of a newly born child



The 'living Buddha' surrounded by priests, holding a service. The power of a hutukhtu is spiritual only: priests chosen from among the lamas are the real governors of these Buddhist monasteries



Apart from halts with the hospitable lamas the travellers' way is rough. Here is one of the better-class Chinese inns, at which the caravan spent a night on the road from Hsining to Kanchow



The Pien Tou gorge, the most-frequented pass in the Nan Shan mountains, through which the caravan made their way on to the plains of Northern Kansu. Two days' travel over the plain brought them to Kanchow





In Kanchow a visit was paid to the Ta Fu Ssu, or Big Buddha Temple, built 500 years ago by Mongolian lamas. The figure, 40 yards long, lies on a couch of carved lotus petals, surrounded by images of lesser saints

After reaching Suchow, the party returned by Kanchow, Liangchow and Pingfang to Lanchow, where they are seen about to start down the Yellow River



The Yellow River below Lanchow flows through a series of narrow gorges which make the current perilously swift. Raftsmen struggling to negotiate whirlpools, rapids and sunken rocks.

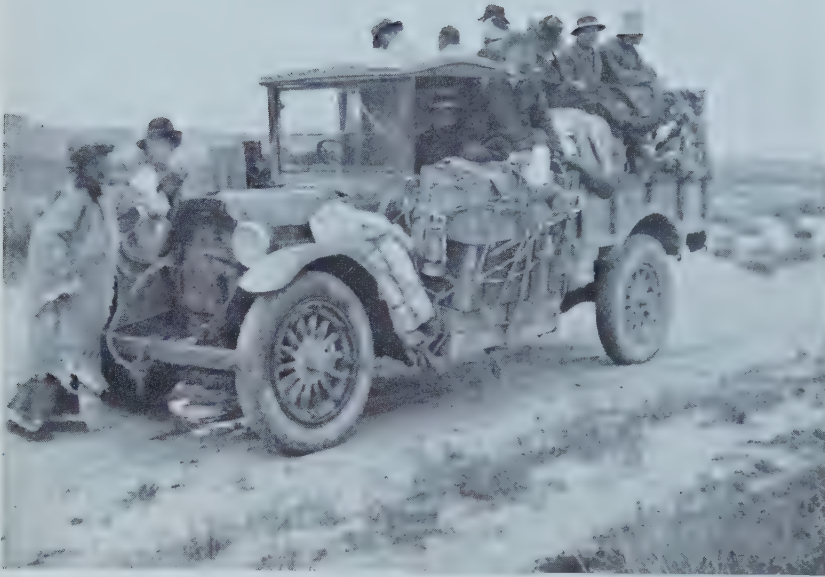


*A gorge on the Yellow River.
Boatmen throw sacrificial offerings
of rice and meat into the water to
propitiate the river god*

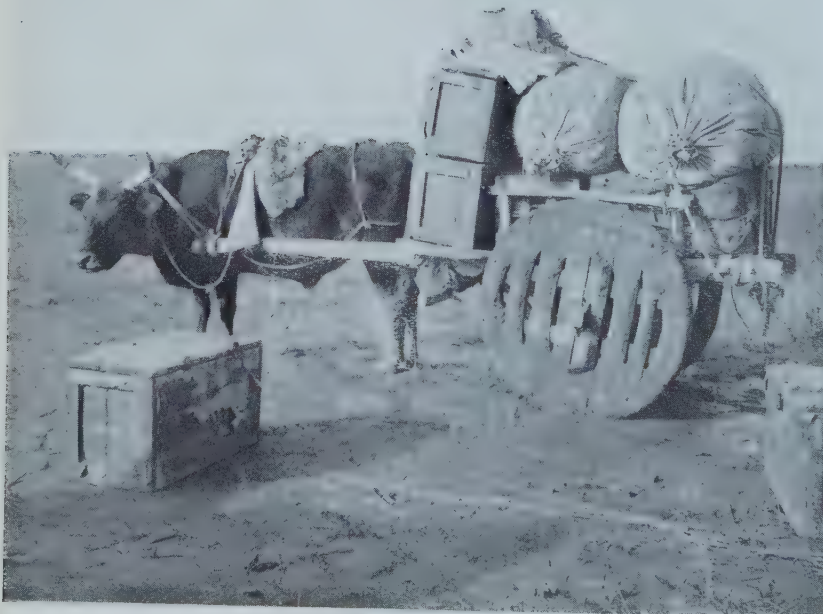


*Camels about to be trans-
ported across the Yellow
River. Painful compulsion
is necessary in order to
force them down the steep
banks into the waiting
ferry-boat*

At Hsi Paotao Chinese colonists, aided by motor transport, are ousting the nomad Mongols and their flocks and herds. Motor-lorries are uncomfortably crowded—



—but there is less competition to travel in the primitive carts, many of which are still in general use on the Mongolian plain



A Sculptor's Impression of the Todas

by MARGUERITE MILWARD

In 1901 there were 800 Todas; the last census gave the number as 600. They are found only in the Nilgiris—the Blue Mountains of Southern India. The origin of this dwindling tribe, separated by their distinctive physique as well as by their peculiar customs and religious practices from their Dravidian neighbours, still mystifies the ethnologists. Mrs Milward's sculptured heads of aboriginal Indian tribes—the Todas among them—are to be exhibited in London shortly

My recent wanderings in search of types led me to India to make a collection in sculpture of the heads of aboriginal tribes. My curiosity had long ago been aroused by tales of the Todas of the Blue Mountains and their sacred buffaloes. So when my work became impossible in the jungles of the lowlands I bethought me of the lovely hill station of Ootacamund, and thither I journeyed.

Lifted far beyond the scorching heat of the plains, 7000 feet above sea-level, there lies a plateau of rolling downs encircled by hills. Golden brown in colour with evergreen forests (*sholas*) and brooks in every fold, the downs undulate and melt away for miles into misty blue lines of hills, the famous Nilgiris. The air is bright and clear like wine.

My clay and plaster were delayed on the railway so I started to visit the Todas, choose models and make sketches. The Collector of Ootacamund put me in touch with the only educated Toda, one Daniel Kodan, a Christian. Thanks to his help I was able to see many 'Mands', as their picturesque villages are called, and to learn something of Toda lore.

The Todas believe that they have always lived on the Blue Mountains. They say that God dropped a pearl on a hill on the downs (now one of their most beautiful Mands) and that out of the pearl came their god Teikirzi, who beat the earth with a cane. Out of the dust came a Toda, and a buffalo with a bell tied round its neck.

This bell has been handed down and is preserved in their sacred cathedral at Bikkapati. All the Toda ceremonies connected with buffalo worship, priests and dairy-temples are based upon the belief that Teikirzi showed them the way to live.

A Toda Mand is always to be found in a most beautiful and sheltered corner of the downs, a mile or two off the beaten track. It lies near running water, protected from the winds by a *shola* behind, and in front the glorious sweep of downs slopes away to the Blue Mountains. A village consists of three to six huts built close together, with a dairy-temple where the sacred milk is kept, and buffalo enclosures a little way off. The framework of the hut is made of bamboo canes laced together as in basket-making. The shape





All photographs by Marguerite Milward

The Toda Mand, or village—consisting of only five or six huts—is always placed beside a stream, protected by a copse, with a view over the rolling Nilgiri downs

of the hut is like the top of a waggon, and the thatching is neatly done from the apex to the ground. The ends of the 'waggon-top' are filled in with wood set back quite 5 feet. This makes a shade like a porch over the miniature doorway, the measurements of which cannot be more than 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 6 in. I did not attempt to go inside a hut, and it is very funny to see the large Toda men wriggle in and out.

On each side of the door there is a mud platform to sit upon, where the women group together to embroider a cloak or curl their hair. Inside the hut there is a high raised part on the left for sleeping; at the right side a fire is built and all the cooking is done. There is nowhere for the smoke to escape and no window or ventilation of any sort. Saucepans of black pottery and bright brass are kept on a shelf at the back. If anyone who is not of themselves touches an earthenware pot it must be broken and thrown away. The

dairy, which is the Toda temple, is exactly the same shape as the hut, only still more carefully and beautifully made. There are usually stone blocks instead of wood at the ends, and on one I noticed rough carving just over the tiny door—a good head of a buffalo, a five-pointed star and crescent and a date. There is always a walled-in enclosure inside which no one is allowed.

One of the most important Mand is called Muttanad or Pearl, on the hill of the legend. It is the only Mand where sacrificial ceremonies take place quite near the huts. A group of stones marks the spot, and near to it is a huge stone ball that only a giant could lift. I have seen groups of large and small stone balls at other Mand, and am told that the men play games with them and use them for trials of strength. On the top of the hill there is a curious erection called a *poh*; there are only three or four in existence.



The typical Toda hut is made of bamboo, elaborately and closely thatched; the wooden wall is set back behind the end of the thatching, forming a sort of porch



Poorer huts of this type are rare. All Toda huts have, on each side of the minute doorway, a raised mud platform on which the family sits working or talking



The dairy, which is the Toda temple, is built on much the same lines as the huts; only the priest is allowed within the stone wall

The Toda men play games with huge stone balls, lifting them as a trial of strength. Over the monolith milk is poured at the dairy ceremonies



Within the precincts of the dairy temple, the spots beside which the various ceremonies take place are marked by mounds and hewn stones

It is very high, conical in shape, and stands inside an enclosure with two tall stones making a narrow entrance. The Europeans call it the Toda Cathedral.

Polyandry has always been practised by the Todas. When a woman is married and brought to the Mand she becomes the property of the brothers and cousins of the bridegroom, and lives with two or three of them in turn. There is a curious and important ceremony called 'Bow and Arrow we touch' to establish the fatherhood of the first child. The one who gives the bow to the woman will be considered the father of any child that is born until another man performs the ceremony. The men for the most part are much handsomer than the women and very strong and agile. They wear heavy homespun cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, like a Roman toga, and falling in heavy folds. Their average height is about 5 ft. 7 in. The women wear the same garment, but as they are much shorter they do not carry it well. The faces of the men are most striking—long and thin with well-shaped noses, full protruding lips and beards. Their hair is arranged in a ring of beautiful curls showing the shape of the head. All the women, except the very young girls, are plain and wrinkled. They have low brows, prominent teeth and peculiarly ugly mouths, with the lower jaw projecting. The men wear so much hair on their faces that this defect is hidden. The women's only beauty is their long hair twisted in shiny curls.

Daniel Kodan became my fast friend and together we made many excursions into Todaland. He annexed a servant for me, named Tizzen, to help to find the models. One day we visited another Mand, seventeen miles away, in my search for better types. The Mand is a small one consisting of two huts and one dairy-temple only, inhabited by three unusually beautiful young men, one old veteran, two women and no babies at all. Children are very rare and the tribe is, alas, dying out; the last census

gave only 600. We were most cordially invited to take food. My Toda servant accepted, went into the hut and had a good meal; Kodan drank some buttermilk, but I refused everything and hoped our hosts were not offended. They are a most hospitable people. We sat round on the little wall and the Todas talked together in their own language. Their voices are gentle and soft with a pretty intonation.

I was lucky enough to find an empty cottage at the back of an hotel in Ootacamund near the downs. My view of the Blue Mountains framed in tall eucalyptus trees was a dream of beauty and ever-changing. Here came the Todas to sit for



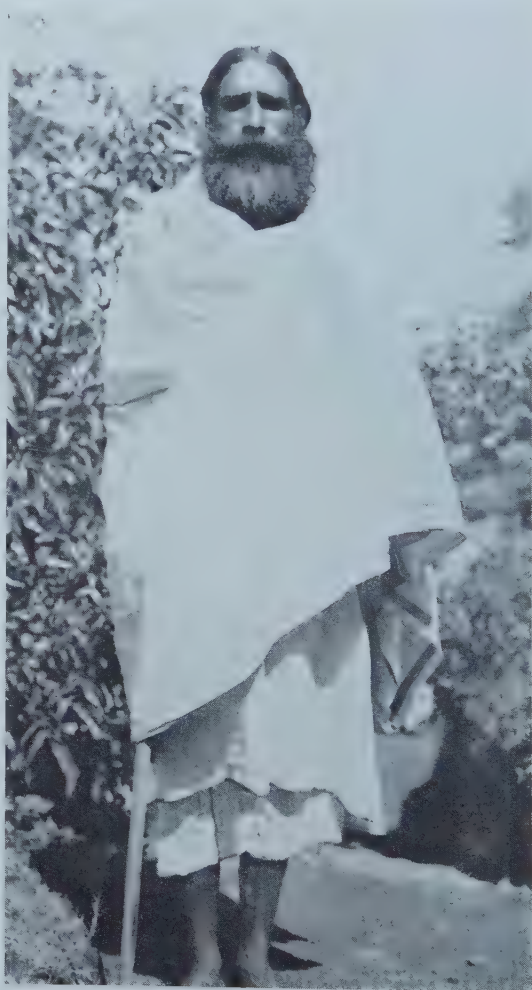
A still more sacred form of dairy temple is the conical poh, of which there are only three or four in existence

me while I drew and modelled them. Tizzen produced them. He fetched them from Mands seventeen or twenty miles away, housed them at nearer villages, and came with a wide smile on the appointed days, leading them in as if they were buffaloes. I found it more profitable to work with two at once; they were less shy and had longer spells of rest. The men were singularly alike; I drew three very carefully before choosing my model, and the drawings might be all of the same head. I only found one of a totally different character; his history was interesting so I choose him for a second type. He was the son of Koriyal, once head of the tribe and fabulously rich, who lived to be a hundred years old and was carried about in a palanquin by four Todas. Melthurse, his son, is exactly like him and wears his hair parted in the middle as his father did, and tied with a knot of curls at the back. Everyone has a different name in the Toda clans, for that of a dead person must never be mentioned. A new name is composed from that of a rock, hill or river.

The whole occupation of the Todas is keeping buffaloes, of which they possess a very long-horned and valuable breed. The riches of a man are counted by the number of his herd. There are three different breeds of buffalo, of various degrees of sanctity, and at least three kinds of dairy-temples. The priests are chosen with great care and have different training and rules according to the type of dairy.

One morning I went with my faithful servant, hoping to see a milking ceremony. I was so afraid of missing it that I went at 7 A.M., much too early. The lazy Toda does not bestir himself from his hut, the atmosphere of which is anything but fresh, until the sun has warmed the air. Some women were drinking milk at the door of a hut, and crawled out to greet me with broad smiles. They disappeared again almost immediately, for their movements are very restricted and they have nothing to do with the dairies and sacred buffaloes.

Some of the herd were being brought in from a distant grazing-ground. This Mand, which is called School Mand, possesses a hundred buffaloes at least, but they have to be kept far away to get good pasture. At last the men came out of the huts, much huddled up in cloaks and shivering. We had no common language so I tried to explain in English that I wanted to see the milking ceremony. Then I waited patiently. The sun shone weakly at intervals and I was cold and shivering too, but nothing happened. At last I



The Toda men are tall, with well-shaped noses and full beards. Melthurse, son of Koriyal, draped in his toga-like robe

The women have thick dark hair and spend much of their time setting it with butter and twisting it in long shiny curls



With their low brows and heavy mouths, they are not handsome by our standards: this woman, one of the best-looking, is between 25 and 30 and probably has three husbands



The whole occupation and wealth of the Todas lies in their long-horned and valuable buffaloes



The ordinary buffaloes (above) are milked for the use of the Mand, which may own as many as a hundred beasts. The sacred animals (below) have light grey coats and long horns curving downwards; their milk is kept by the priest in the dairy temple





Outside the dairy temple before a funeral. The young priest, standing by the wall, may not speak to anyone during his term of duty

bethought me of a silver piece, this Mand being in the neighbourhood of a town and contaminated by the custom of *baksheesh*. I presented it to the headman, who was sitting huddled up on a wall looking blank, saying again firmly, "I want to see the buffaloes milked." This acted like a stage signal. The priest, a very old man, took off nearly all his clothes and produced what looked like a drainpipe, but was really a sacred milking-vessel of bamboo. Sacred calves were let out; they ran straight to their mothers and the milking began.

I noticed that the sacred buffaloes were a beautiful shape and very aristocratic-looking. They have long light-grey coats, short legs and very long horns curving downwards. The appointed place for the ceremony was well above the huts, but the buffaloes were so scared at seeing me stalking them with a camera that they had to be coaxed and milked wherever they stood. I tried almost in vain to take snaps: they looked at me fiercely and kept making for me. I got behind my tall Toda for protection. Just as I took one snap, the sacred animal kicked over the milk-vessel and fled. The priest allowed me to take his photograph and then disappeared into the temple with the sacred milk. The duty of the priest is to churn the milk and make *ghi* or clarified butter which he sells for the temple and himself.

Another lot of buffaloes were then let out, and I was able to compare the two breeds. These looked very ill-bred, no shape at all, long legs and smooth shiny coats. The headman then milked for the use of the Mand; he kept the buffalo quiet, while I took a photograph, by smearing its nose with beautiful creamy milk.

A funeral is a very important ceremony among the Todas and costs a vast sum of money. Two or more buffaloes are sacrificed so that they may go into the next world to serve the dead person. They have two kinds of funerals, a 'green' and a 'dry'. The green takes place at once, and consists first of cutting off a piece of hair

of the dead and preserving it for the next funeral, and then burning the body with many rites. I heard that a dry one was expected to be arranged during my visit, but it was planned and postponed so many times that I gave up hope and went away to Kotada to model other Nilgiri tribes. I felt annoyed with the Todas for not knowing their own minds and wished they would arrange the funeral for the next Sunday.

When Tizzen and I came back from Kotada and were busy packing the moulds I had made, two handsome Todas (whom I had drawn) came up to the cottage and brought him sad news. His only son, a baby of four months, had died while we were away. The wife was ill in a hospital and the baby in the care of a sister at Cathedral Mand. My poor boy wept bitterly and went away with his two friends. I was invited to come and see the funeral rites on the Sunday following. So there was a funeral after all on the day I wished, and I felt as if I had killed Tizzen's baby with my own hands to gratify my idle curiosity.

I decided, however painful it might be, that I must learn everything I could about these strange people, so taking Kodan with me, I took a car and went to Muttanad Mand to see the start. A few Todas were sitting about on the wall, not at all as if a funeral were in progress. They came up to greet us, not seeming displeased at our presence. The Mand looked very lovely in the brilliant sunshine and clear air. The dairy-temple had a wall in front of it on which many of the men were grouped, the priest standing a little way apart. The huts were below us, and a faint sound of wailing came from there. A group of Kotas were sitting in readiness to make music. Todas do not make their own music at big festivals; this is the duty of the Kotas, another Nilgiri tribe and much mixed up with the Todas in ancient lore. The Kotas also have to provide a cloak or the equivalent in money (six



Before the funeral starts, the dead baby is placed in a cradle containing objects that it may need in the other world. Behind may be seen a group of Kota musicians

rupees); in exchange they receive grain and the carcasses of the buffaloes that are slain. A beautifully made sort of cradle carrying-chair was now placed in readiness. No women appeared at all. At last the brother of Tizzen brought the body of the little babe, wrapped in a nice new Toda cloth, all white, and took it to the door of the dairy-temple and the ceremony began. It was all like a very dramatic play, every part rehearsed and well acted.

The first rite is to lay the body on the raised part on the left side of the entrance of the dairy-temple and pour some sacred milk into the mouth with a leaf for a cup. The father stood by and made great lamentation, rather like a song. When this ceremony was over he stopped wailing, spat and walked out of the temple precincts so suddenly that I was shocked. The little body was then laid in the bamboo cradle. Other articles were placed in it that the babe might want in the other world—a new

English parasol, a mirror, rice, milk, *ghi*, tea, etc., and various vessels. The bamboo frame was decorated with coloured strips and bright beads hanging from them. All these quaint ornaments have to be burnt with the body. For a man there are long pieces of silk, for a woman a small cane basket covered with material and tied with strands of wool, and ornamented with cowries or bright buttons. The poor sick mother was carried out bitterly weeping. She was placed in a most uncomfortable way in a sack, with her legs and arms all mixed; from pain and grief together she was in a sorry state. All was then in readiness and the little burden was carried high by four noble-looking Todas, who swung along over the hill and far away to the funeral site, followed by a cortège of mourners. The Kota musicians struck up a thoroughly suitable minor dirge and followed too. We had to go round miles in our car, but the mourners must

have made slow progress for we got there first.

The situation was very lovely and completely isolated. A group of women were waiting there to mourn ; we sat and waited too. At last the funeral procession straggled into sight, and hearing as well—for the strange weird sounds of the Kota band were blown straight to us though they were still on the top of a far hill. It was all extraordinarily like Scotland, both the hills and the changing lights, and the music which might have been wailing bagpipes. One man beat a long drum, another a round one, and the other two played clarinets with queer mouthpieces.

The procession with the corpse passed us slowly and I tried for a snap: no one seemed to take any notice of what I did. The group on the hill met the chief mourners and salutations were given. The older women lifted their feet to the foreheads of the younger ones. Tizzen, I noticed especially, making the salutation by

putting first his right and then his left big toe to the foreheads of the women in turn. (Men greet each other by sound and not by gesture.) The little bundle was put in the circle of women and they began a rather forced wail. They mourned in pairs, forehead against forehead. Their downcast eyes, crying mouths and oval faces framed in coal-black hair made an arresting picture. The father sat apart, very sad with his hand over his eyes.

The buffalo to be slain was still far away but we could see it being enticed up the hill. A man passed us with a big bag of grain for distribution. A money-making Hindu spread out some sweetmeats and bananas of which we were glad. It seemed perfectly heartless to buy and eat fruit, but we did. Three stalwart Todas came up with a load of very special sacred wood to make the funeral pyre. It is cut from a naga tree and, being new wood, gave them some trouble to chop.

The next rite was very interesting. A



Toda women getting ready to wail



*The young bull buffalo which has to share the baby's funeral is just about to be killed.
The baby's body is with the wailing women on the right*



*The two dead things salute each other in the Toda manner, the feet of the baby to the
forehead of the buffalo. The drably clad Kota musicians look on*

cane, which represented the cane the god beat the earth with when a Toda was first created, was used for stirring up some earth a little way apart. The corpse was then laid down beside it, and each man of the family came in turn. The chief mourner first taking the cane asked the head of the community three times, "Shall I throw earth?" and on his replying "Throw it," knelt down and touched the baby's head with his forehead and wailed, then knelt again and touched the earth. Then he threw the earth three times in the direction where the earth was stirred, and three times onto the body. It reminded me of 'earth to earth, dust to dust'.

By this time the young bull buffalo had been persuaded up the hill, and four men seemed to be baiting it. They were enjoying this, as if it were a bull-fight, and began to laugh and shout. I looked away in horror while they held the buffalo; they hung on to the horns while one held the tail. They killed it with a blow of an axe on the head; my companion assured me that it was killed instantaneously, but I didn't believe him. At this point I got so furious that I snapped with my camera without considering their feelings any more; they had obviously not got any. They brought the body to where the buffalo was lying stricken, and the two dead things were made to salute each other, the feet of the babe to the forehead of the buffalo. Then a handkerchief-scarf was produced, and each mourner of the family touched his forehead with it and laid it on the body. The body was then carried into a glade, a lovely spot near by, full of shadows and flecks of sunlight. We all followed and sat and watched. The women were almost hid-

den from me but they appeared to be playing with the 'trousseau' of the dead. The men were working really hard chopping wood with Toda axes, with which they are most expert, and then laying the fire with great care into a neat pile. They finally set light to it by making fire by friction. The last rites seemed to consist in arranging in the cradle all the things that the child might need. The parasol was tied over him, and the cane, previously decorated with bright ornaments, was laid beside him. Their god created a Toda with that cane: it had to accompany the departed on his last journey. A bow and arrow was also placed on the cradle and burnt with the rest of the things.

A collection was then made of coins to place in a bag beside the body, but any valuable ones were given back afterwards to those who lent them; they were only symbols of wealth. A lock of the baby's hair was cut off and burnt, not kept as it would have been for a grown-up person with two funerals. Then there was another long wail; the parents touched their dead with their foreheads and the cradle was swung over the fire three times. At this moment the soul departs for the other world.

The rites were over, the pyre fanned to a bright flame and we immediately dispersed. Tizzen gave me a bit of bright coloured wool and a shiny button as a memorial. When we came out into the bright sunshine the Kotas with the buffalo carcase had all disappeared. We went down the hill and I looked up again to try and memorize the strange scene. A group of Todas with their wild hair and long cloaks like a picture, a curl of blue smoke in the trees—that was all.

Flying to India. IV.

by Wing Commander A. R. COOPER

The Persian Gulf has lost much of the importance which it possessed as a highway of commerce during the centuries when a lion's share of the trade between Europe and the East was carried upon its waters. The advent of aerial transport, however, has brought new life to the Gulf, and especially to the Arab Sheikdoms of its western and southern coasts, skirted by the Imperial Airways route in the final stages of the journey to India

THE last article left the passenger by air to India, after a comparatively short flight from Baghdad, stretching his legs at the Basra aerodrome before continuing the journey to Sharjah at the southern end of the Persian Gulf. Short though the flight between Baghdad and Basra may have been, it was over a desert land full of historical interest; the traveller will find a contrast in the remainder of the flight to India, as, except for two short stretches—from Basra to Kuwait and across the Oman peninsula—the journey is wholly over the sea, with three oasis-like stopping-places hundreds of miles apart.

The passenger will hardly have had time to settle down before he is landed at Kuwait on the north-western edge of the Gulf. The flight so far is over country

much like that crossed earlier, and Kuwait itself, which depends entirely on the sea for its trade, is surrounded by unrelieved desert. The local sheikh is a well-trying friend of Britain.

Kuwait, though small and modern—it has a history of only a century and a half—was at one time the centre of a much talked-of political stir. Towards the end of the last century Germany, through her influence over Turkey, launched a scheme for a through railway from Berlin to Baghdad and the Gulf. This line was mainly of strategic importance and was designed to extend German influence in Asia Minor and the Middle East. Part of the project involved the construction of a deep-water harbour at Kuwait, but Basra—which, although situated on a river, has





The Times

Kuwait draws its sustenance from sea-borne trade, and some of the dhows in which the Arab sailors range the Indian Ocean may be seen within the complicated breakwaters of the harbour

developed into a major port of the Middle East—was perhaps the real objective. Negotiations between Great Britain and Germany continued up to the Great War, the results of which killed this scheme. Today Kuwait still occupies a position of importance as a buffer between Iraq and the kingdom of Ibn Saud.

On taking to the air again we shall soon find ourselves out at sea heading for the Bahrein Islands. As a rule the waters of the Gulf are very clear and swarm with life; swordfish, sting-rays, narwhal whales, porpoises and turtles abound. The shadow of the aeroplane reflected in the clear surface will be a constant companion and we may catch glimpses of the sinister figures of sharks lazing about below the surface in search of prey. The flesh of the shark is regarded locally as having valuable proper-

ties and sun-dried strips are imported in large quantities into the interior.

The history of the Persian Gulf during the last six hundred years reflects very clearly the changes of fortune which have taken place among the great seafaring and colonizing powers of Europe. The Gulf had always been of even greater importance than the Red Sea in the carriage of goods—the rich silks and spices on which heavy customs duties were paid—between East and West. Two events materially altered the history of this trade. The first was the capture of Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453, which lost for Venice and Genoa the influence over the Oriental commerce which they had enjoyed under Byzantium, and thereby opened the door to some other European power. The second event was the rounding of the Cape



Fishing-nets near Bahrein, seen through the clear water. The fish swim into the arrow-shaped channels with the receding tide and are entrapped, as they will not swim against the current *The Times*

of Good Hope by the Portuguese navigator Diaz in 1487 and the subsequent development of a direct sea-route to India by Vasco da Gama ten years later.

Portugal thus gained control of the Indian Ocean and of the maritime trade between Europe and the Orient which had hitherto flowed along the Persian Gulf; an increasing proportion of the trade itself was diverted, with the discovery of the Cape route, into another channel; and the Sultans of Turkey lost an important part of the revenue dependent thereon. The Portuguese monarch was indeed justified in assuming the title of 'Lord of the conquest, navigation and commerce of India, Ethiopia, Arabia and Persia'.

England's connection with the route to India may be said to date from the defeat

of the Spanish Armada, a result of which was that her trading vessels ventured farther afield. At about the same time a number of English travellers were returning home with tales of the riches of the East; Ralph Fitch's account, published in 1591, of the fantastic wealth of India excited London and must have done much to amplify the growing desire to have a share in the treasures up till then monopolized by Portugal.

In 1600 English merchants obtained a charter to trade with India, and the influence of the East India Company began to make itself felt. The first expedition set out in 1601; another, in 1614, in addition to trading in India opened up negotiations with Persia by way of Jask. This inevitably led to a conflict with the Portuguese who, since 1515, had been firmly estab-

lished on the island of Hormuz. The first sea-battle was fought off Jask in 1620, followed two years later by a second in which Hormuz was taken and Portugal as a power in the Gulf disappeared.

The middle of the 17th century saw an attempt by the Dutch to gain a footing in the Gulf, but with the loss of many of her colonial possessions the local interest of Holland declined. About the same time France followed in an attempt to open up trade with Persia and built a fort at Bandar Abbas, but her influence in the Gulf was spasmodic. By the middle of the 18th century the bulk of trade through these waters was in British hands.

During the succeeding century British imperial policy was forced to take up a definite attitude towards two variations in the normal commerce of the Gulf; this

attitude was dictated in one case by the interests of self-preservation, in the other by the cause of humanity.

In the 'eighties, during the Third Afghan War, the British and Indian Governments became aware that the traffic in arms through the Gulf had swelled to alarming proportions. There was an old-established connection between the Gulf and Zanzibar, which was formerly included in the dominions of the Sultan of Muscat. From Zanzibar, in spite of various preventive measures, the flow of up-to-date firearms and ammunition to the North-West Frontier of India continued to increase, until by 1897 the annual total had reached the astonishing amount of 20,000 weapons. The Government, though it urged Persia to intervene in the gun-running activities at Bushire and sent



The Times

The Bahrein Islands are the centre of the Gulf's pearling industry. A causeway is being built to connect Muharraq (left), the island on which the aerodrome is situated, with Manama, the largest town

gunboats to confiscate arms found in vessels in the Gulf, was unable to stop the traffic. It was not until 1912 that the Sultan of Muscat, in whose territory the trade in arms was by this time largely centred, was induced finally to kill the traffic by a series of edicts relating to import permits and registration.

With the slave trade Britain took an even firmer stand. In 1807 an Act was passed preventing British subjects from dealing in slaves. The Government took upon its shoulders the arduous task of stamping out the trade. Once again Zanzibar was the source of supply; negroes captured in the interior of East Africa were collected there for sale and shipment to Muscat. A treaty was made with the Sultan of Muscat in 1822 forbidding the sale of slaves to Christian nations; other more comprehensive treaties were effected all through the 19th century with the Sheikh of Bahrein, the Shah of Persia and the chiefs of the Pirate Coast. But only in 1920 could the slave trade be said to have practically vanished from the Gulf.

The hot-weather conditions in the Persian Gulf are as notorious as those of the plains of India, but although the temperature on the ground is almost intolerable, passengers suffer little discomfort when flying at some 2000 or more feet. The prevailing wind in the Gulf is the north-west *shamal*, which blows for about six months in the year. From June to August clouds of dust are brought down from the plains of Iraq, which from the air look like dense masses of cumulus cloud; they frequently rise in a solid mass to well over 10,000 feet and can be seen thirty to forty miles away.

Provided we have not struck a head wind we should be over the Bahrein Islands in about three hours after leaving Kuwait. The islands are in a large bay between the mainland and the Qatar peninsula, and have been in special treaty relations with the British Government since about 1820. They are a group situated about twenty

miles from the coast of El Hasa. The largest is Bahrein, twenty-seven miles long and ten wide. Six smaller islands complete the group. Gigantic tumuli or earth mounds, resembling in their design those of the Phoenicians, are to be seen, and scattered throughout the islands are isolated mounds on a similar pattern. The theory once held that the Phoenicians emigrated to the Mediterranean from the Bahrein Islands does not appeal to archaeologists today.

In classical times these were known as the Tylos Islands, and Strabo refers to them as being celebrated for their pearl fisheries. Manama, the capital and chief port, is on the largest of the islands, which is roughly the size of the Isle of Wight. A road, about a mile in length, which was reclaimed from the sea a few years ago, runs along the shore. The tall white houses with wide verandahs are built, like everything else in Bahrein, of coral stone quarried from the bed of the sea when the tide is out. Along the coast there are fresh-water springs rising from under the sea; the Arabs still dive down with their water-skins, which they fill with fresh water and carry up to their boats. This fact is mentioned by many ancient writers as being one of the strangest features in the Gulf. Muharraq, Bahrein's second-largest town, is on an island of that name about a mile and a half from Manama; a causeway with a motor road on it is being built to connect the two towns. The aerodrome is on Muharraq, on a vast plain of hard, dry ground outside the town.

Here is the centre of the pearl industry, which in a good year may be worth many thousands of pounds sterling. Diving for pearls is carried out at certain times of the year only, but small pearls can be bought for quite reasonable prices from local dealers who meet the air-mail machines.

Bahrein has shaken off the lethargy of the East and modernity is taking its place. With the opening up of an oil-field have come a new hospital and a new club, and



Royal Air Force

The Sheikh of Bahrein, Sir Hamad bin Isa al Khalifa, K.C.I.E., is steadily improving, with the aid of British advisers, the administration and social equipment of Manama, his capital

up-to-date schools and public gardens have appeared within recent years. The transference of the air route to the western side of the Gulf has helped towards bringing Bahrein out of its isolation.

Soon after leaving Bahrein we cross the Qatar peninsula and, instead of taking the direct line to Sharjah which would mean crossing about 250 miles of sea, we head south-east to cross Yas Island on which an emergency landing-ground has been prepared, and then turn north-east, keeping within reasonable distance of the shore to Sharjah. The coast is flat and uninteresting, fringed by a few islands which look as if they had come adrift from the mainland. That is all there is to see, and as it will be some three hours before we reach Sharjah, we can make no better use of the time than in delving once again into history—this

time back to the year of Alexander the Great's return journey from India.

Alexander entered India via the North-West Frontier, and he made his return journey down the Indus in order to explore the possibility of finding a way from its mouth to the Tigris and Euphrates, and in this way to forge a link between his western empire and India. Nearchus, who had been appointed Admiral of the Fleet, commenced his sea voyage, and Alexander his journey by land, from a point near the mouth of the Indus. Landings were made frequently to replenish the water supply and to give the men a rest; there was very little sleeping-accommodation in the ships of those days. Nearchus was instructed to examine and report on the coast, for Alexander's far-seeing plans were designed to fix stations at suitable



One of the remotest stopping-places on the flight is Sharjah, where a rest-house has now been built



Fox Photos Ltd.

Imperial Airways have established a refuelling station at Gwadar which, though on the coast of Baluchistan, is under the sovereignty of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman

spots to secure a line of communication between Babylonia and India for trade routes and to assist military security and administrative control.

Alexander ordered part of his army to return to Susa in South-West Persia by the northern route via Kandahar, and there is little doubt that the reason for his electing to travel himself through Southern Baluchistan was the necessity for personal command to ensure the replenishment of the ships' supplies. For some marches Alexander maintained touch through his cavalry with the coast, where provisions were stored for the fleet. Forced inland by a range of mountains, his troops suffered severely from the heat and lack of water until they reached Pasni, where they found good water by scraping away the shingle on the beach. From Pasni the route lay along the coast for seven days to Gwadar—

now the last stopping-place on the air route before Karachi—a desolate spot where we may land to pick up petrol. From near this point a natural route leads up a valley to the interior and more fertile country, and after spending several months recuperating his troops, Alexander marched via Persepolis to Susa, while Nearchus took his fleet up the Persian Gulf and Karun River and anchored below the bridge at Ahwaz. The date on which the fleet reached the anchorage has been fixed as February 24, 325 B.C.

The air liners of other nationalities fly along the eastern shore of the Gulf, and Imperial Airways, in opening their line along the opposite coast, had to provide their own accommodation. At Sharjah has been built a Rest House where passengers and crew can spend the night, and for the accommodation of the guard and



For more than 400 miles the route lies along the arid Baluchi coast, with its grotesque rock formations

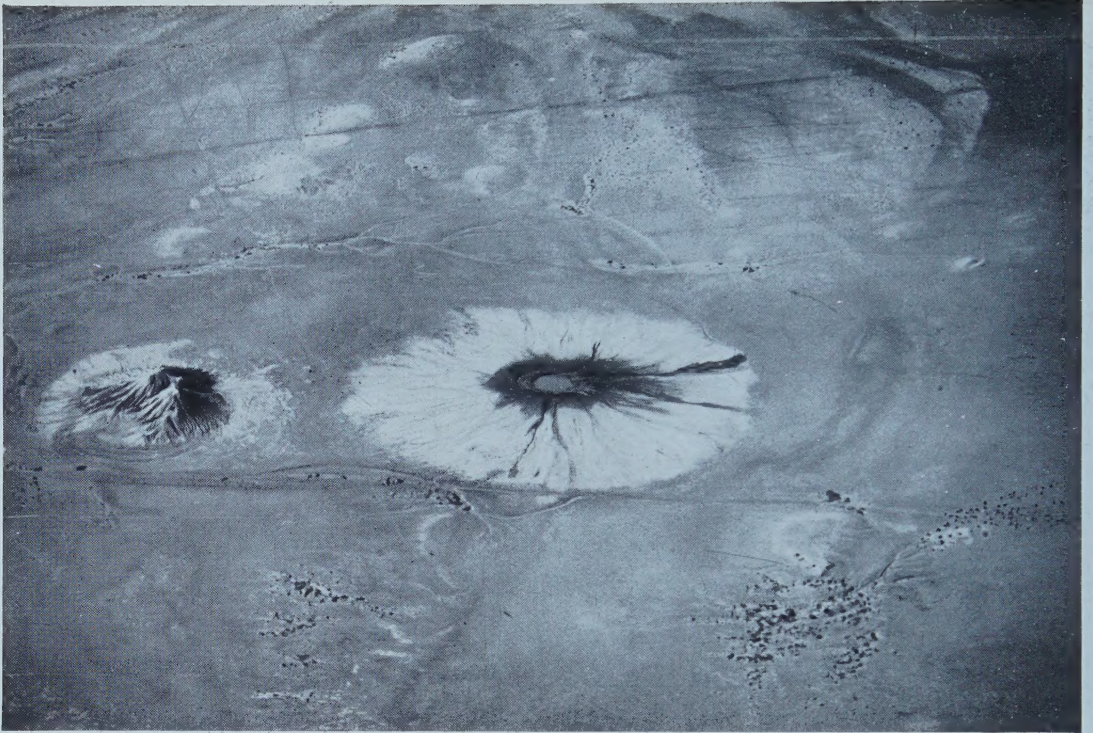


The Times

Amid scenes of desolation worthy of the Inferno, the Jabal-i-Mehdi (above) achieves an effect of less sinister majesty. From its twin projections it is known as the Ass's Ears, though that on the left is generally described as the Cathedral Rock. The weird outline of the rocks is ascribed to torrential rains and to the cutting of facets by sand-laden winds

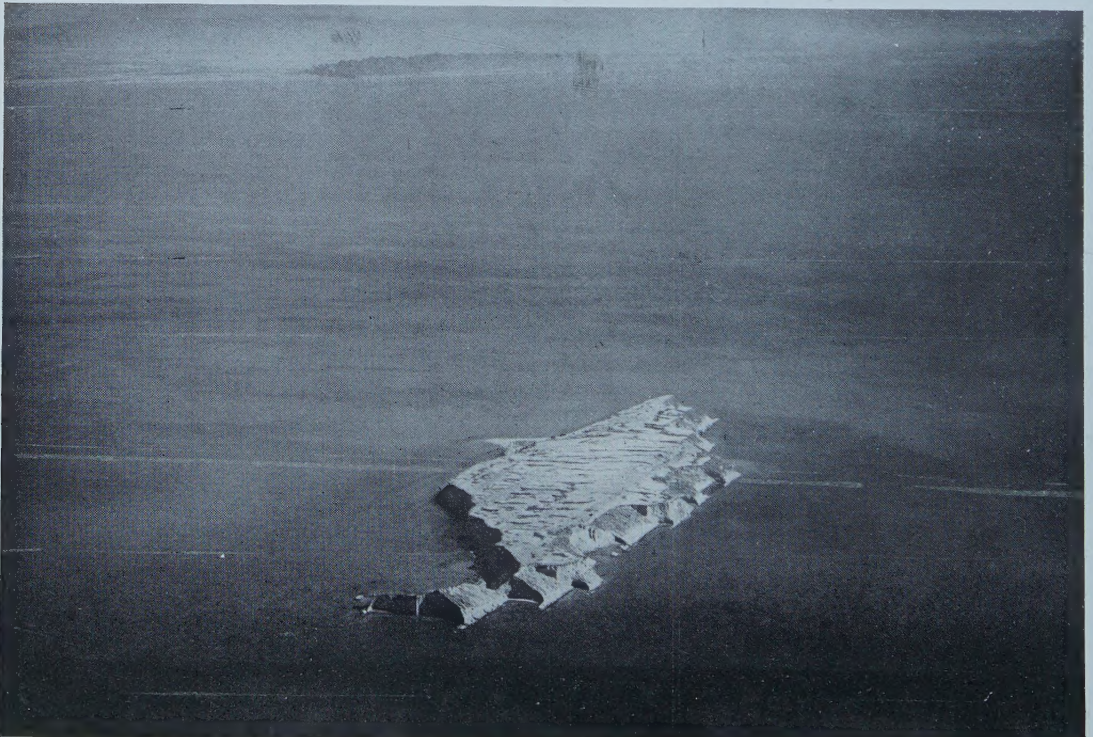
The Times





The Times

Near Gwadar is the 'Eye of the Sea'—a pool of muddy water with a curious bubble perpetually forming and bursting. The natives fear it and lower their voices in its vicinity



The Times

Astola, 85 miles beyond Gwadar, is as barren as the coast off which it lies



Aerofilms

The wharves and warehouses of Karachi are sufficiently extensive to serve the overseas trade not only of North-Western India but of regions beyond the Indian frontier

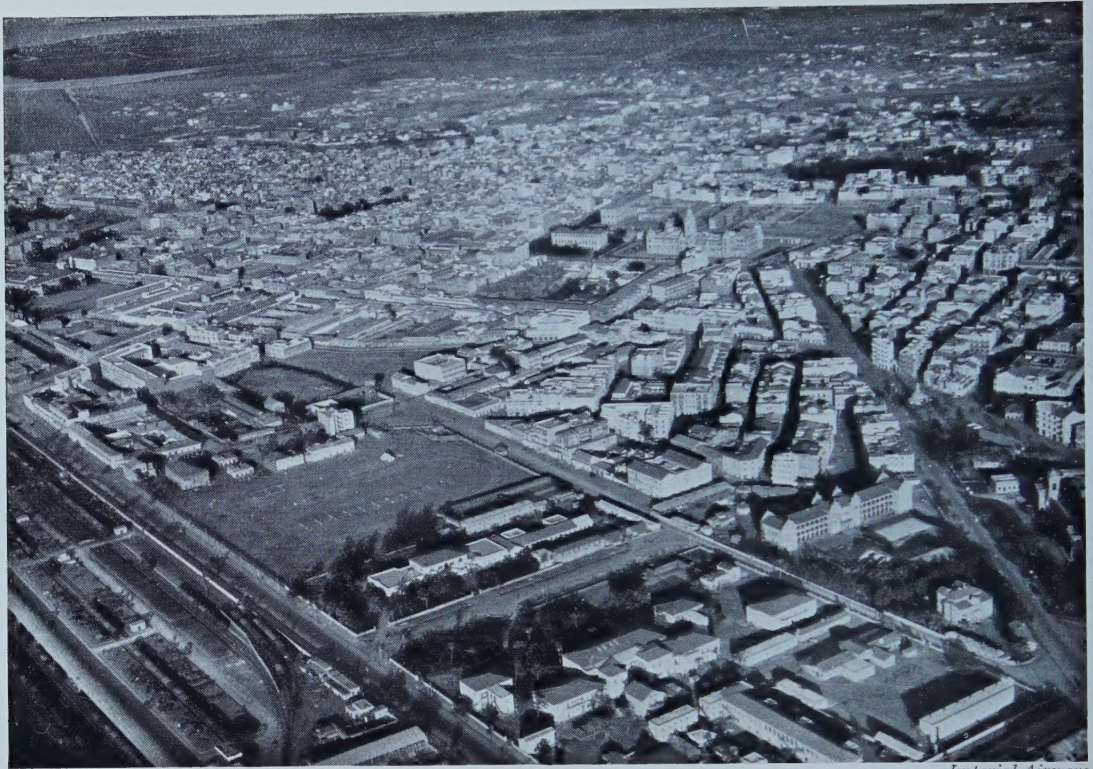
mechanics. The arrival of the air liners is a great event to the local inhabitants, and the real desert Arab will prove an interesting study—the motor van used by Imperial Airways was the first the natives had seen.

Our arrival at Sharjah ends the day's flight and here we spend the night. Finding oneself right 'out in the blue' and hundreds of miles from any western civilisation has its attractions, especially when one has the comforting feeling that close at hand and very carefully guarded after its long flight is the sure means of getting away at dawn the following morning.

Sharjah is on the Pirate Coast. The ill-fame of this territory has now ceased to have any meaning, but in the early days it had a very real relation to the actual conditions. The pirates were the boldest of their kind, and they did not hesitate to attack, not always without success, the East India Company's ships of war. The

chiefs of this coast, known as the Trucial chiefs, are bound to Great Britain by a series of engagements, beginning in 1806 and ending with the perpetual treaty of 1853, by which they undertook to avoid all hostilities at sea, while in the subsequent treaty of 1873 they agreed to prohibit altogether the traffic in slaves. The relations of the Trucial chiefs are controlled by the British Political Resident in the Persian Gulf, who visits the Pirate Coast every year.

From Sharjah we head a little north of east for the Persian coast, and then fly along the coast outside the limit of territorial waters to Gwadar. On this section of the flight, although they are out of sight, we shall pass between two places which in their time have played prominent parts on the stage of history—the island of Hormuz to the north, at one time the stronghold from which the Portuguese dominated the Gulf; and to the south Muscat, the capital of the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, and



Imperial Airways

Surprising end to a journey eastwards, Karachi is what it looks—a modern, Western-planned city

one of the hottest places in the world. In the 19th century the Sultan of Muscat reigned over a large slice of Arabia, a strip of the Persian coast, and a coastal area in Africa which included both Sokotra and Zanzibar, but the latter was separated in 1856. Oman has been under British protection since 1918.

We shall sight the Persian coast somewhere near Jask, and, before reaching Karachi, will fly for 470 miles along the coast of Baluchistan. Owing to the small rainfall, the saltiness of the soil and the peculiar physical conformation of the country, the shore is almost entirely desert; it appears as a series of arid clay plains from which rise precipitous table hills and rocks in grotesque shapes. We shall pass the villages of Charbar, Gwatar, Gwadar (an outpost of Oman) and Pasni—fishing-villages whose inhabitants live in mat huts. We shall not see much of them, but each

enables the pilots to check up their time-tables.

Karachi, where our journey ends, is, unlike almost all other Indian towns, essentially modern. It has no past; its architecture is entirely Anglo-Indian. Through Karachi is carried a great part of the trade of the Indus valley, which now exports considerable quantities of grain and cotton as a result of the great irrigation system which has been constructed in the past half-century. Karachi has also considerable strategic significance as the nearest port to the North-West Frontier, and as India's gateway to the Middle East.

As an airport it is, of course, of even more recent date. After passing over the city we shall see the mooring-mast and huge shed built for the ill-fated airship *R.101*, with the Royal Air Force aerodrome on the right and the civil aerodrome on the left; then, at last, we shall land on Indian soil.